

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

ONE-AND-TWENTY.

BY MISS M. A. KIDDER.

"You are a man, every inch of you," said a decrepit and plainly dressed old lady, to a strange youth who had offered to assist her down the steps of the Elevated Railroad. "I hope to be," said the modest lad, "when I am one-and-twenty!"

It made my heart that winter's day,
As light as any feather,
To watch the tender courtesies
Of youth and age together.
I said unto myself, "Oh, lad,
Though you may roll in plenty,
You'll never be a nobler man,
When you are one-and-twenty!"

Your hand has touched the magic spring
That opens all the fountains;
Your feet are shod with strength, that you
May scale the loftiest mountains.
The moral courage, heeding not
Remarks from youth and beauty,
Will prove a talisman of "luck,"
In all the paths of duty.

You thought it but a little thing,
An act scarce worth the mention;
But in this rushing, selfish world,
I thought it claimed attention.
Your duty done, you hurried off—
The dear old lady tarried—
And on the smile sent after you
I knew a prayer was carried—

A prayer that in the downward path
A yearner might wander blindly,
But always be as true and brave,
And always act as kindly.
Begin right—her advice and mine—
If you'd have peace and plenty,
And never fear to act the man
Before you're one and twenty.

STORY TELLER.

A true Servant who became a Brave Master.

In Holland, where the Rhine flows into the sea, there lived, in 1866, an admiral who understood the sea as well as the general does the land. His name was Michael Hadrian Ruyter—a name honored by every true Hollander. He was born at Vlissingen, in 1607. His parents were poor people and wished to train their son to a trade, but he longed to venture upon the sea and become a sailor.

Accordingly, he sailed on a ship which traded with Morocco. The merchant, who followed the good maxim, "Your own eyes are better than another's glasses," himself sailed with the ship, and soon found that the sailor Ruyter was very useful and, what was more important, a true man. He, therefore, trusted him in many ways in which it is not usual to trust a ship-boy.

Once, when the annual fair at Morocco was near, the merchant became so sick that he could not make the voyage to Africa. He resolved: "I will trust no one but Ruyter with the ship's cargo, which I will send to the market of Morocco."

When he summoned him to his presence, and said: "Michael, you see how I am situated. I cannot go to Morocco. My book-keeper is an old man. What think you, should I go?" "Send another trusty man, Myneheer," said Ruyter.

"Right!" cried the merchant. "But whom I send?"

"That you must know better than I, Myneheer," was Ruyter's reply. "It is an important business," said the merchant.

"I know it is," said Ruyter. "Hear!" continued the merchant. "You must undertake the business. You shall be my supercargo." (Thus he is called who has charge of merchandise by the sea.)

So it was arranged. Ruyter received clothing and pay suited to his rank. The sailors looked surprised when their young comrade came on board as supercargo; but they thought: "The merchant is no fool, and he has chosen the right man." This was soon very evident. The ship sailed away, landed at Morocco, and Ruyter arranged in the market-place his goods, which consisted of fine woolen cloths.

There ruled at Morocco at that time a Bey or Prince, with despotic power. The property and lives of all the subjects were at his disposal, and also of all who came into the country for the purpose of trade. There was neither right, nor justice. No man's head rested very firmly between his shoulders.

One beautiful morning the Bey himself with a long retinue of courtiers, came and stood before Ruyter's booth. He examined the cloth, and a piece of superior quality pleased him greatly.

"What is its cost?" asked he. Ruyter named the price his master had fixed.

The Bey offers half of it. "I am not a cheat," said Ruyter, "who asks half more than the thing is worth, that he can, at least, take the half what he has asked. The price is

fixed. Besides, it is not my property. I am not only my master's servant." All this was lawful; but in Morocco there was no law. Everybody looked alarmed, except Ruyter, as they saw the angry face of the Bey.

"Do you not know," says the Bey, "that I am the master of your life?" "I know that well, Herr Bey," said Ruyter; "but I know also that I have not asked overmuch, and that I have a duty, as servant of my master, to care for his interest, and not to think of myself. That I will do unto death, and you shall have the cloth not a penny cheaper. Do what you are willing to answer for before God."

The merchants, when they heard these words, were full of fear. "Good-bye, Ruyter," thought they; "you will never see another sunrise."

They were mistaken. The Bey looked upon the handsome young man with angry eyes. All waited for the brief command, "Off with his head!" but he said: "I give you until to-morrow for reflection. If you do not change your mind, make your will."

Then he went away. Ruyter calmly put the cloth in its place and began to wait upon his other customers.

Now rose an uproar among the merchants. "For Heaven's sake give him the cloth," cried they. "If he cuts off your head—and he will do it as sure as you live—then your life and all your master's goods, and the ship besides, are lost. And what will become of us? Give it—'tis but a trifle—and and save the rest and yourself."

"I am in God's hands," said Ruyter. "He who is not true in small things, how shall he be true in great things? If my master loses through me a penny, I am not a faithful servant. I shall not yield a hair."

On the following morning Ruyter stood in his booth. The Bey approached and looks grimly at Ruyter. Behind him walked one who was clothed in garments red as blood and had a broad sword in his hand. The people of Morocco knew him and shunned him as fire. He was the public executioner. The Bey paused before Ruyter's booth, and, looking sternly at him, cried out: "Have you as yet come to a conclusion?"

"Yes," said Ruyter. "I shall give the cloth not a penny less than I asked yesterday. If you wish my life, take it; but I will die with a clear conscience and as a true servant of my master."

Then the face of the Bey changes and suddenly becomes bright. "By the beard of the prophet," cries he (and that is the highest oath of a Turk), "thou art a noble soul. A truer servant I have never met, and would to God I had such an one." Then he turned to his attendants and said: "Take this Christian for a model." To Ruyter he said: "Give me thy hand, Christian. Thou shalt be my friend." He threw a purse of gold upon the table and said: "It is, thou may'st believe, as much as thou hast asked. I will make of the cloth a robe of honor, as a memorial of thy fidelity."

Ruyter returned to Holland with large profits; but he said nothing of this occurrence to his master, who learned it first from others.

This was the beginning of Ruyter's great fortune. He soon became captain of his master's ship, and after his master's death, he entered into the naval service of Holland. He rose rapidly and finally attained the rank of an admiral, and won many victories over the enemies of his country.

Thus one may learn that out of the lowest place there is a path to the highest honor, by knowledge, fidelity, honesty and the fear of God. The way is closed to none.—Selected.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

We are no longer happy so soon as we wish to be happier.

Liberty can be safe only when suffrage is illuminated by education.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion and godliness.

To discuss an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man.

There cannot be a greater treachery than to raise a confidence and then deceive it.

The resolution of a moment with some men has been the turning point of infinite issues to the world.

A wise man will desire no more than what he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live contentedly with.

THE USES OF PAPER.

Paper car wheels are composed entirely of paper rings pressed together under a weight of six tons, and then fastened by means of bolts and steel tire put on them, when they are ready for use. Laid loosely, the rings stack as high as the shoulders of an ordinary man. Under treatment they sink to the thickness required. If the tire wears or fall off the wheel, or the train run from the track, there would be no danger of their breaking, as they are very flexible, and would spring.

A paper ball can be rendered so solid that nothing but a diamond tool can cause an indentation into it. At the mill is a square block of compress-paper fastened on a turning lathe, and so hard that, if a fine steel chisel is held against it when it is moving, instead of cutting the paper it will break the chisel into a hundred pieces. The strength is astonishing. You can take a £5 note of the bank of England, twist it into a kind of rope, suspend 339 pounds upon one end of it, and it will not injure it in the slightest degree. Bath tubs and posts are formed by compressing the paper made out of linen fibres and annealed—that is, painted over with a composition which becomes a part thereof, and is fire proof. The tubs last indefinitely, never leak, and put in the fire will not burn up. You can beat on them with a hammer and not injure them. Plates compressed and annealed are very durable; you can not only wash them, but drop them on the floor and stand upon them. The fork can be used for any practical purpose, and the knife always be kept sharp. Paper can be substituted for wood, converted into picture frames and colored like walnut, cherry, and the like. Bedsteads are fashioned the same as car wheels, only of long strips instead of rings.

They are very beautiful and lasting. Cooking or heating stoves are also annealed, and it is impossible to burn them out. They are less costly than iron. A house can be literally constructed of and furnished with every convenience in paper. The printing press, type and all the fixtures of the office could be concocted of this material, and more cheaply than of the ordinary kind. A complete steam engine can be thus manufactured and do all required duty: Clothes and shoes will come in the future. Twenty-nine hours are needed to transfer linen fibre into a car wheel.

Solid card-like paper was made as early as the fifth century, but it is stated on the authority of the Arabian historians, and largely conceded, that linen paper did not come into use until 1270, or, at most, but a short time before. The cotton card or paper known previously was of a thick, coarse, woolly texture brittle and inferior. There is still some demand for hand-made paper, and in a corner of L. L. Brown Paper Company at Adams, are simple and inexpensive appointments for the production of paper as it was substantially made one, two and three hundred years ago. The call comes largely for uses in making architectural drawings—for drawing paper, in short—in consequence of the fact that it will not stretch, a point indispensable in accurate drawings. The paper can be erased and rewritten upon. A brisk demand has sprung up for those papers for wedding and society invitation cards, billet doux, personal correspondence, also for business houses where *recherche* stationery is desirable.

MERMAIDS.

The mermaid of the ancients was probably identical with the dugong of the Indian Ocean. It is a species of cetacea, but differs materially both from the whale and the seal. Its head and heart are not unlike that of the human family. It has flippers and tail like a seal, but unlike that animal, lives on vegetable food. According to an article in the Popular Science Monthly, its usual length is twelve feet and weight is about a ton. It often comes to the surface of the water to breathe, and utters a peculiar cry which has been described as a plaintive appeal, as if a child half awakened had softly moaned and turned over to sleep again. Dugong fishing has become an object of thriving industry, especially at Moreton Bay, Queensland, Australia. The submarine pastures on which it feeds lie at a depth of from eight to fourteen feet, where it feeds down the herbage so close as to leave a well-defined track. It is usually taken by stretching strong nets across its feeding track, and in which it becomes hopelessly

entangled. The flesh, which the church permits to be eaten on fast days, is easily made by various cooking to resemble either beef, veal or bacon, and forms delicious dishes. The bones are close-grained, and capable of taking a high polish. The skin, which is sometimes an inch and a half thick, is good to make a jelly as acceptable and beneficial to invalids as calf's foot, and for leather. It is timid and in no way dangerous. As a food animal, it is probably unsurpassed.

AMERICAN PEARLS.

Pearls are found in this country, and the value of the find amounts to about \$50,000 annually. The best pearls come from the Gulf of California, though about \$3,000 worth come from fresh-water mussels, all over the Union, especially from the Miami River, Ohio. A New York reporter having interviewed Mr. Andrews, the head of a jewel department of a New York house, learned from him the following facts:

The California pearls are as fine as any Oriental pearls, and are valued as highly. The fresh-water pearls are almost all small, but brilliant and somewhat rosy in tint. About half the California pearls are black, and command a better price than white pearls. Some years ago about eighty per centum of California pearls were black, the proportion having diminished rapidly during the last ten years.

The biggest pearl ever found in this country was the celebrated one found about twenty years ago in a New Jersey pond and sold to the then Empress Eugenie. Of late many small and almost worthless pearls have been received from Texas farmers, who have an exaggerated notion of their value. The firm buy them more as a matter of encouragement to the pearl-hunters than anything else. Some day these hunters may discover valuable gems, and their custom may be worth something. Mr. Andrew showed the reporter a handful of these small, pink, irregular-shaped pearls, the majority of them not larger than pin-heads. The larger they are the more defective they are in shape and color. Some of the larger ones might be mistaken for bits of bone polished up. The only use to which they can be put is for replacing lost pearls in old jewelry of no great value, which is sent for repair. Sometimes they can be cut into thin pieces, and a small piece of fair pearl can be obtained for enameling.

The finest string of pearls ever brought to this country is now in possession of the firm. It consists of sixty pearls, the largest being about the size of a wren's egg. Every pearl is perfectly round and pure in color, and not one is valued at less than \$500. While examining this string, the reporter happened to remark that he could not tell the difference between that string of enormous value and one of imitation pearls.

"No more can any one," said Mr. Andrews, "until they are handled. The best experts cannot tell a good imitation pearl from the real without touching it. The weight is deficient in imitation pearls, and the surface is different to an experienced hand. They can only be distinguished by touch and weight. But every pearl in a ball-room might be false without the best expert in the trade suspecting it."

HOG BUSINESS.

Russell Smith once advised deaf-mutes who had the time to buy pigs for \$20 or \$40, and feed them, then sell them for \$1000, or \$1500, when they grow big. Let us see. By a little figuring, it will be plain. Suppose a mute were to buy twenty little pigs at \$1.50 each; that would make \$30 for the whole lot. It might take one hundred bushels of corn to fatten them. At fifty cents a bushel, it will be \$50, to say nothing of labor, slopping, and feeding them with other things, and stimulants to keep them in good health. When they are grown up ready for market, they will average about two hundred pounds each, making four thousand pounds for the whole lot of twenty hogs. Now, if they sell at five cents a pound, that would bring in only \$200, all told. For forty hogs fed in the same way, they would bring only \$400. Then deduct price of pigs, corn, etc., you would find the profit less than you imagined. It will take a larger number of hogs to make

\$1000, or \$1500, as suggested by Russell Smith. It would also require a larger amount of money to buy them, and buy feed for them, besides they would need a large range of pasture which would be an additional expense for rent. It takes experience to manage the business.

JUDGE DECOURSEY.

K. K. K., June 30, '82.

DANIEL BOONE.

Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1735. His education was neglected, but he was a splendid rifle shot—an accomplishment which was at that time of more use in Kentucky than book knowledge. When he was eighteen years of age, his parents removed to North Carolina, and settled on the banks of the Yadkin River. Here he met Rebecca Bryan whom he married, and settled down as a farmer for a time. But Boone, being a very restless sort of man, soon felt "crowded" in North Carolina, and in 1769 he joined a party with the intention of hunting and exploring in what is now the State of Kentucky. Everything went on swimmingly until one day Boone and a companion, while hunting near Kentucky River, were taken prisoners by the Indians. They were robbed of all they possessed, but otherwise well treated—the Indians intending to adopt them. Boone and his companion, however, had different views in regard to the adoption, and after remaining with the Indians seven days succeeded in escaping. They endeavored to rejoin their companions, but although they found their camp, they never found their comrades, as the latter had probably been killed by the Indians. One day, while Boone and his companion, Stewart, were searching for game, they met Daniel Boone's brother, Squire Boone, and another man who were in search of them. Soon after both Stewart and the hunter, who accompanied Squire Boone from North Carolina, were killed by the redskins. The two brothers were now alone in the forest, and lived and hunted in safety through the winter. In the spring, Squire Boone returned to North Carolina to get supplies, leaving Daniel alone until his return in July.

From the first it had been Daniel's intention to bring his wife and family to his new settlement as soon as he could, and at the end of two years he returned to North Carolina to carry out his intentions. In spite of his efforts, he could not return to his beloved forest for two years. "On the 25th of September, 1773," says one of his biographers, "the two brothers bade adieu to their friends and neighbors on the Yadkin, and entered on the perilous task of traversing the wilderness to the banks of the Kentucky. A drove of pack-horses carried their bedding, clothing, provisions and other necessities, 'a number of milch-cows, with some young cattle and swine, were intended to constitute the head of the western wilderness. At Powell's Valley, through which their route lay, they were joined by forty families and forty men, all well armed. This accession of strength gave them courage, and the party advanced full of hope and confident of success. At night they encamped, as is still the custom of emigrating parties throughout the vast west. The camping place is near some spring or water-course; temporary shelters are made by placing poles in a sloping position, with one end resting on the ground, the other elevated on forks. On these, tent cloth prepared for the purpose, or, as in the case of these pioneers, articles of bed-clothing, are stretched. The fire is kindled in front against a fallen tree or log, toward which the feet are placed while sleeping. If the ground is wet, twigs or small branches with leaves and dry grass, and laid under the beds. Each family reposes under a separate cover, and the clothing worn by day is seldom removed at night. In this manner, the train proceeded until October 6, when near Cucumbar Gap, they were suddenly attacked by Indians, and six men were killed, and the cattle lost. This calamity so dismayed the pioneers that they gave up the expedition and returned to Virginia.

In the spring of 1775, Daniel Boone was employed by a company of land speculators, to survey and lay out roads in Kentucky. At the head of well-armed men, Boone proceeded to Kentucky, and although attacked several times by the Indians, succeeded

in erecting a fort, which he called Boonesborough. Feeling that it would be safe for him to send for his family, now that he had a shelter for them, he did so, and his wife and daughters were the first white women who ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River. A number of families followed their example, and the little fort soon became cheerful and populated.

On the 14th of July, 1776, three young white girls, one of them Boone's daughter, were captured by Indians, while in a canoe near the fort, but the Indians being promptly pursued, were compelled to release them. In 1777, two attempts were made to capture the fort, but in each, the besiegers were beaten off. Being in need of salt, Boone, at the head of thirty men, proceeded to the Lower Blue Licks or Licking River, in quest of it. One day, while hunting a short distance from his companions, Boone was surprised by a party of Indians, one hundred and two in number. Resistance was hopeless, so he parleyed with the red men and succeeded in gaining their confidence, and finally made honorable terms for the surrender of his men, who became prisoners of war. "The generous usage the Indians had promised before, in my capitulation," says Boone, "was afterward fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to Old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on Little Miami, where we arrived, after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather, on the 18th of February, and receiving as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. On the 10th of March following, I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived on the 30th day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity." The Governor endeavored to obtain Boone's liberation by purchase, but his captors were not willing to part with him, wishing to adopt him, so he was compelled to return to the wilderness with them, where he remained until June 16, 1778, when he made his escape.

On September 7, 1778, an Indian army numbering four hundred and forty-four, with Captain Duquesne and eleven other Canadians, appeared before Boonesborough and summoned the garrison to "surrender in the name of his Britannic Majesty." Boone declined to comply with this request, but as Duquesne wished to hold a parley, nine commissioners were appointed to meet him and his party. Nothing, of course, came of the meeting, as each party was determined not to yield. At the meeting the Indians proposed to revive an ancient custom of their tribe, which consisted of two Indians shaking the hands of a white man at the same time. The pioneers exactly knew what this meant, but consented. When the Indians attempted to drag them away, the whites being without any weapons, except those furnished by nature, appealed to their fists, and knocking the Indians down, made good their escape to the fort, their retreat being covered by some sharp shooters, who had been stationed in advantageous positions for that very purpose. The Indians besieged the fort until September 20, when, having lost thirty-seven killed and many wounded, they raised the siege. The pioneers lost two killed and four wounded.

Boone met with many adventures among the Indians, too numerous to mention here. Some of his family were killed by the savages, and when Kentucky was admitted into the Union in 1793, it was found that the title to the land granted Boone by Virginia, was worthless. In his old age, he found himself without an acre of ground, and this in a country he had explored and populated. He was ejected, and after residing some time in Virginia, he removed to about forty-five miles west of the present city of St. Louis. The land on which he settled belonged then to the Spaniards, and was given him by the Spaniard governor, who appointed him commandant of the Femme Osage District, in which capacity he acted until the transfer of the government to the United States. Owing to some informality in the grant, Boone again lost his land, but it was afterwards restored to him.

Mrs. Boone died in 1813, and soon after her death, Boone ordered a coffin of black walnut for himself, but fancying that it was not a good fit, he gave it away and procured another of cherry wood, which he kept under his bed until the day of

his death, which occurred September 26, 1820, at the age of eighty-five.

During the Indian wars, Kentucky raised several regiments, and Daniel Boone was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of one of them. If his advice had been followed, as owing to his knowledge of Indian tactics, he ought to have been, a great many lives would have been saved, but some of the officers thought they knew more than he did, and in consequence the troops met with several bloody defeats at the hands of the savages.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Growing old.

Some one has said that growing old is the worst of life. It is the worst of life if we bring no ripened sheaves to the harvest. To remain light-hearted, showing no trace of weariness as the years go on, is not an easy thing. We tire of the failures and conflicts that mark the way, and find every worldly comfort, at best, unsubstantial and unsatisfying, and why should we grieve, except for wasted moments and lost opportunities? When youth lies far away down the backward path, and the friends who were young with us, and those who made the sunlight of our lives are no longer near—some of them have passed on it may be, to the other side,—if Christian love has made beautiful the vanished years, growing old will not be very dreadful.

HOME.

Dr. O. W. Holmes says: "I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sun, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it?"

"I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

"LADY."

In an old work of the date of 1762, is the following account of the origin of the term "lady": "As I have studied more that pertains to ladies than to gentlemen, I will satisfy you how it came to pass that women of fortune were called ladies, even before their husbands had any title to convey the mark of distinction to them. It was generally the fashion for a lady of affluence once a week, or oftener, to distribute a certain quantity of bread to her poor neighbors with her own hands, and she was called by them 'half-day;' that is 'loaf-giver,' or as it is sometimes explained, the 'bread-giver.' These to words were in time corrupted, and the meaning of the term is now as little known as the practice that gave rise to it."

FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindnesses are appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make one happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly influence.

The first vessel built upon the banks of the Mississippi was in 1542.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50 Clubs of ten, 1.25 If not paid within six months, 2.50 These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Last week a young man, having succeeded in evading the sentinel at the door of our sanctum, entered and told us a most remarkable anecdote about himself. After entertaining us in this manner for nearly an hour, he took his leave, at the same time imploring that no mention of it should be made in the JOURNAL. We gave our editorial word that the affair should be considered strictly private, and as he passed out, noted the shade of disappointment that flitted over his countenance. We kept our word, and when the next issue appeared, the maddest mute in the city was that young man, who looked in vain for an account of the adventure he had related to us. Well, some people are incomprehensible. We met a man, who had been at the picnic, and were asked if anything would be printed about him. We replied that there would be an item wherein his importance would be duly recognized. He protested and pleaded and begged that it be omitted. We told him he could not muzzle the press, whereat he handed us a Havana cigar, gave us twenty-five cents for extra copies, and with a grateful pressure of the hand, blithely pranced away. An editor has strange experiences every day with unreasonable and untractable humanity. He is threatened on this side and flattered on that. But, as Will Carleton says,

"He must prove himself ever unmindful to threaten and to flatter both. He must compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural cat. He must leave all his wrongs to the future, and put a check rein on his pride. He must carry a gentleman's manners beneath a rhinoceros' hide."

Everyone wants his name printed and something complimentary said about him, but will make a mild protest if such a thing is alluded to. Happy creatures, these outsiders. They have their virtues praised and their vices ignored by the guileless editor. But you never see the editor's name in print. He plods on day by day, receiving blame and censure, but seldom an encouraging word. By and by, care and anxiety plow deep furrows on his brow, and the heavy ringlets that cluster on his head are brushed away by Time's irreverent hand, until at last, his weary labors ended, unwept, unpraised, unsung, he goes the way of all humanity. Readers, be good to the editor. He mourns over your losses, rejoices in your successes, records your achievements, tells the world of your greatness—something the world might never find out if it was not told—he sounds your praises, depicts your virtues, and the ill-will of your enemies and your ingratitude is generally his reward.

It is a matter of regret that the majority of deaf-mutes do not read and write more and talk and gossip less. A practice of reading would be beneficial, and that of writing original compositions would have the effect of producing, in the end, a much larger number who can use expressive, and it may be forcible, English sentences. As it is, compositions written by deaf-mutes, are proverbially inaccurate and ungrammatical. A habit of reading and writing is a sovereign remedy for this fault. The first would bring knowledge and ideas, and would enlarge the powers of observation, while the latter would conduce to the development of an easy and correct style of expressing thought. Let every deaf-mute strive to improve in this respect. Note all the occurrences that may transpire among deaf-mutes, and write about them. Send your productions to the JOURNAL, and, if suitable for publication, all errors will be corrected and they will then be printed. After a few months' practice, you will surprise yourselves and your

friends by the rapidity of your improvement, and the increasing correctness of your language. People who hear have a great advantage over deaf-mutes. They can hear spoken sentences every minute in the day. On the street, in the stores, or at home with the family, new ideas and new words, spoken in correct English, are constantly being exchanged. There is less necessity, in their case, for incessant practice in reading and writing. But deaf-mutes live in a world of silence. The only instruction they can get in language is by reading and writing. We give to them this advice: Read good books and papers, think of what you have read, and try to write about it in connected language. At the same time, write down the most important occurrences of each day, and get some one to correct your mistakes in grammar. After a while there will be few, if any, mistakes to correct.

NOTICES.

Rev. T. B. Berry will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Geneva, N. Y., Friday evening, July 28th, in lieu of the service that was to have been held on the 14th.

Rev. Job Turner is to hold a combined service with Rev. Dr. Gray, in the Church of Advent, Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday night, Aug. 6th. The service will be conducted for the benefit of such deaf-mutes living in the city and its vicinity as may desire to attend.

"THE BARTLETT MEMORIAL"

Service will commence August 27th at 10:30 P. M., in Park Congregational Church, Norwich, Ct., with a sermon by Rev. W. L. Bacon, D. D., and interpreted to the deaf by Prof. Abel S. Clark.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2:30 P. M., an eulogy on Prof. D. E. Bartlett will be given, and a hymn repeated in signs by Mrs. Follett, after which a collection will be taken up for the Norwich Fund. Letter reading will then commence, and short addresses will be given. Then all will repair in presence of the cloister where the unveiling will take place. A dedication prayer will follow, and a hymn in signs will close the exercises.

At 7:30 P. M., there will be a combined service at which the hearing may speak and the dumb make responses. This closes the day.

The N. E. G. A. will open its services Monday, August 28th, at 9:30 A. M., particulars of which will be given in future.

Arrangements with hotels have been made as follows:

Waugrean Hotel - \$1.75
Union Square Hotel - \$1.75
Metropolitan Hotel - \$1.75
American Hotel - \$1.25

Those stopping over the Sabbath only will pay \$2.00 and \$1.50 for board.

The railroads, as far as have been heard from, are the N. Y. & N. E. R. R. and the New London Northern R. R. All from Boston and vicinity should take the N. Y. & N. E. R. R. The fares are as previously reported:

From Boston and return, \$2.75
From Worcester and return, \$1.80
From Providence and return, \$1.50
From Waterbury and return, \$2.60
From Hartford and return, \$1.60

Those coming from Hartford and take the New London Northern to Norwich.

August 30th an excursion to Lyle's Beach will be given, where can be enjoyed a good shore dinner. There is the best field for base ball games. The party that beats the other at base ball will be given a dinner—perhaps a prize will be offered for the best nine by Mr. Walker.

It is desirable that I should be advised as to the number who will come to the Convention. Please mention what hotel you will stop at, so that I can get you booked. Rooms in the best hotels are limited, and the proprietors wish me to give them two weeks' notice, so they may arrange for extra accommodations. Single persons will room together.

To those deaf-mutes in New England, it will be necessary that I should know the number that will assemble at points along the New York & New England R. R., so that I shall have a supply of tickets on hand to distribute. The railroad company ask me if I can tell the number that will take the trains. They must be advised of that by the 1st of August.

WM. H. WEEKS,
Com. of Arrangements,
22 Atwood St., Hartford, Ct.

GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

Bulletin No. 32.

ATROPA, ILLINOIS, July 20, 1882.

The following has been received during the week, (additional) through Mr. Charles M. Grow, Frederick, Md.:

Charles J. Perogoy, Baltimore, \$1.00
Theodore Baech, Oakland, Md., 1.00
Gastavus Thiele, Baltimore, 1.00
Fred S. Tackieff, Montgomery Co., Md. 50
Adam Elliott, Allegheny Co., Md., 50
Harry Billington, Baltimore, 25
Briscoe, 25

Total, \$4.50
Amount already reported, 1,270 70
Total to date, \$1,284 20
A. G. DRAPER,
Treasurer.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

"Newcomer" is having famous times over "on the prairie;" why not change your plume to "Prairie Belle?"—Nancy?

Miss E. Bella Lowe has returned to her home in Indianapolis, after a pleasant three weeks' visit over in Wayne county.

Frank Hayes, our faithful mute, is again at his home. He now starts on the third year of service with us.—*Weekly Globe, Mendon, Mich.*

Messrs. Thomas and Rose are going to attend Barnum's Circus next Tuesday, in Hudson, N. Y. We hope they will have a Jumbo time.

Charlie Weir, class '81, is extensively engaged with his paternal ancestor in dealing out "tony" side-bars and "petite" phatons at Laurel, Ind.

It is rumored that Miss Emma Macy, of Lynnhaven, Iowa, has been elected to the chair recently vacated by Miss Birdie Chapin, in the St. Louis Day School.

Mr. Chas. Baldwin, of Litchfield, Ct., is going to get married to Miss Hattie F. Wilson, of Bridgeport, Ct. She has some relatives in Pittsfield, Mass.

Mr. S. Wardman is a mute who came from Lowell, Mass., to Dulon, to see Miss Emma J. Tilton. He staid there for two weeks. He went back to Lowell to work in the tin shop.

Mr. Oliver F. Bastion, a deaf-mute went to Springfield, Mass., to see Miss Nellie S. Hawley. He had not seen her for nearly nine years. She lives in Amherst, Mass., but she works in a paper mill in Springfield. Oliver had a very good time. Nellie is in good health. She left the Hartford School in 1877.

Mrs. Cyrus Boren, of Milton, Indiana, (nee Sara Booth, Philadelphia Institution's old pupil), gave a nice little dinner party for her deaf-mute friends Sunday, July 9th. She is a tip-top housekeeper, and a boss cook (Pennsylvania girls always are such). Mr. Booth is an industrious workman.

On Sunday afternoon and evening, July 16th at Goshen, the combined services given by Rev. Dr. Manry, and interpreted in the sign language by George W. Schutt, were held at St. James Church which was filled with hearing people and 7 deaf-mutes. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Haight, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, Messrs. Sinclair and Newkirk, and Mr. Wm. J. Nelson, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Messrs. Haight and Newell extended their hospitality to Mr. Schutt. On Monday Mr. Nelson started for Poughkeepsie, after he spent 3 weeks with Mr. Newell for the benefit of his health. Mr. Schutt will hold deaf-mute services in Newburgh, Goshen, and Middletown next fall.

Mr. Lewis S. Ingraham, of Springfield, Mass., had a narrow escape from drowning in the Connecticut River last Friday. He was alone in a boat fishing, when he felt something was on the hook. It proved too heavy for him, and he stood up and tried to pull it in; but the hook broke, and he lost his balance and fell backwards into the water. His coat, collar, necktie, pole, oars and some pickers were scattered about in the water from the overturned boat. Although he had a smoking pipe in it, and swam for a distance, and got hold of some logs that were floating by, and waited till some men in another boat came to his assistance. He is well known in that city for his graceful roller skating. He would probably have won a prize if he had been a regular skater last winter.

There was a lively spectacle at Miss Mary Lee's house, in Springfield, Mass., last Sunday evening. Mr. Oliver F. Bastion, of Pittsfield, Mass., was visiting Miss Sarah N. Hawley, of that city after nine years' departure. They both called at Miss Lee's house, about that time, Mr. Arthur Wells, Mrs. Mary Livingston, Mrs. Lucy Paige and Miss Nellie Newton entered her house and found Mr. Bastion and Miss Hawley there. Mr. Wells questioned Mr. Bastion about some things that had been reported false against Mr. Wells. Mr. Bastion seemed discouraged and kept still and refused answering him for a while. Mr. Wells threatened to sue him for blackmail and slander. Miss Lee's father was a policeman, and was at home at the time. Mr. Bastion rushed to the door, and went away. The ladies were very much astonished that he did not stop to say anything to them and left his lady there. His lady was much overcome with surprise and excitement.

SHE WAS DEAF.

Not long since, an amusing incident happened in the Suffolk county court, which placed a witness who said she was deaf in a rather ludicrous position. The action was for an assault, and it was well known to the prosecuting attorney that the female witness knew more about it than she was willing to tell; so, upon being called to testify she announced that she was deaf. The lawyer for the government began in a loud voice to ask the witness about her deafness, and how long she had been so afflicted, gradually lowering the tone of his voice until it reached a whisper. The unsuspecting witness promptly answered all his questions, and the court and spectators indulged in a hearty laugh at the novel way in which her deafness was proven, the only sober and vexed one in the court being the attorney for the defense, who had evidently suggested to the witness that when being called upon to testify she should have a sudden fit of deafness.

The McGann Monument Fund has reached \$136.00

A correspondent wishes to purchase five or six copies of the JOURNAL for January 19th, 1882.

Geo. A. Newhall, of Melrose, Mass., passed a week with the Derby folks, in South Weymouth, Mass.

Will Mr. Frank P. Blodgett please send his address through the JOURNAL, and oblige "A friend?"

A lady friend writes, that Miss Eliza Lockwood has been dangerously ill. Hope she may recover before many days.

Mr. Ira H. Derby is expected to visit in Bridgeport, Ct., with his charming sister, Mrs. Beers, and also with his friend some time this month.

Willie Munger, of Bridgeport, Ct., returned home from a trip to New York City, and reported of having a good time at the late M. L. A. excursion.

Mr. P. E. Gulick is very indignant at a deaf-mute tramp who assumed his name at Kingston, Pa. He asks that his friends be notified of the imposture.

Henry Tallmadge, a cabinet case maker in the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co., Bridgeport, Ct., was sick with Erysipela but is now recovered.

ONE

Robert D. Beers, of Bridgeport, Ct., was given a fine supper two weeks since, in commemoration of his birthday. A few invited friends were present, and a general good time was had.

"A New Englander" wishes to call the attention of the deaf-mutes going to the convention, to ascertain if the Morrison bequest of \$500 is safely invested, and where it is invested, &c.

Deaf-mute residents in Cambridgeport, Mass., have lately organized a religious society of their own. It is but three miles from Boston where there is a large society with a good attendance on the average.

Miss Jane Ann Romeyn expects to go with her Uncle Hamilton A. Van Epps, to the mute social on the 21st of this month. She will probably go to Albany next October, to attend the deaf-mute service.

There has been some talk among the New England deaf-mutes of choosing Harry White as President of the N. E. G. A. A more fitting person should be elected in the place of Harry White or W. K. Chase.

It is expected that Mr. Eugene W. Wood, formerly of Massachusetts, but now a produce merchant of Greenfield, Ind., will be present at the Norwich Convention. His many friends will doubtless be glad to see him.

William Hack is still pursuing the occupation of florist in Bend Davis, Ind. He owns all except the land. He says he has not grown any vegetables for five years. He would like to hear from other mute florists in the United States.

The funeral of Miss Harriet S. Romeyn took place in Glenville, N. Y., and was largely attended by her mourning relations and friends, on the 29th of last May. The deceased was the youngest aunt of Miss Jane Ann Romeyn, a deaf-mute.

A Connecticut correspondent declares (with emphasis) that Mr. Tillinghast should be voted as the president of the Norwich Convention. Hope every one of your readers have read Mr. G. Abbott's letter, published in the JOURNAL of July 13th, very carefully.

Miss Eliza Lockwood, of Stamford, Conn., tells us that she may go to the convention in Norwich, if her health permits, she having been lately very poorly in health. She says that she longs to meet some of her old classmates and schoolmates once more.

Sick Charles A. Douglas, of Melrose, Mass., started for New Hampshire a couple of weeks ago in quest of his health. His physicians forbade his going back to the Rubber Works on account of his impaired health. Hope he will find some other work and be successful.

David Kelly, a deaf-mute, has been arrested at North Hamblin for criminally assaulting Laura Bigham, a fourteen-year-old girl. He is married, and has children. He can neither hear nor speak, nor read nor write, nor understand the ordinary sign-language of mutes.—*Towne Sentinel, July 15.*

"A Massachusetts boy" writes that he is opposed to a base ball game to be played at the coming N. E. G. A. Convention, Norwich, Ct., as there would be but limited time. On the other hand, the players may prove a poor score on account of the want of practice. They may cause merriment to the spectators.

We clip the following from the *Cornwall Reformer*, of July 15:

"The services of St. John's P. E. Mission Chapel in Cornwall (late Temperance) Hall Sunday afternoon were highly interesting to those who attended, and gratifying to the deaf-mutes. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Snowden, and interpreted to the mutes by the Rev. Geo. W. Schutt, himself a mute. There were nine or ten mutes present, two of them from Whiteport, N. Y., who were on a visit to Peter W. Edmonston in this place. There were three mutes from Newburgh also, besides many others. After the regular services, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Edmonston was baptized, Mr. Schutt interpreting the ceremony to the mutes. The singing throughout was most excellent. We love the Episcopal service of songs."

Among others present were Messrs. Leghorn and Riley, Mr. Johnson, of Newburgh, N. Y., and Mr. Merritt and his family, of Whiteport, N. Y.

A Correspondent writes:—

"About one hundred deaf-mute excursionists assembled at Rocky Point, N. E., on the 19th of July, hailing from Boston, Worcester and vicinity. They, by their looks and manners, showed that they enjoyed themselves much. Among the merriest and jolliest was the popular Mrs. Follett. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman, and others were with her to welcome the mutes to the famous watering resort. No one could look at Mrs. Follette's bright, expressive blue eyes, at her girlish face and rich auburn curls, at her smiles, in which there is a wealth of sweetness and sunshine and not like her. She, with her natural enlivening vivacity took us around and pointed out places that were worth seeing, and told some amusing incidents and reminiscences of by-gone days. Not only the deaf-mutes, but the speaking people took much notice of her and said that she is a very attractive and talented woman. Of course she was the belle of the day. Wish there were more women like her, so amiable and useful."

"Rocky Point is one of the most beautiful summer resorts I ever visited in my life."

Miss N. S. Hiatt has been visiting her old friends in Indianapolis.

A deaf-mute named Kuhn arrived in New York from Germany, last Saturday.

On Sunday last, John Wilkinson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., became the father of a seven pound girl.

Hiram West, the mute peddler, was seen in Catskill with needles in his pockets, last week. He went to Hudson to sell his needles.

David H. Brophy, of Higganum, Ct., writes that he was much pleased with the Sixth Annual Excursion of the M. L. A., which he attended.

A good many New Yorkers will be at the Norwich Convention. The JOURNAL will have a representative there, who will expect to receive a good many subscriptions.

Mr. Senior, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was in Thomaston, Co., last week, and called on his deaf-mute friends. He went to Winsted, on Thursday last, on some business.

The wife of Mr. Jonathan Marsh left Thomaston, Ct., for Boston, Mass., on Wednesday morning. She will spend the summer there visiting her own friends.

Mr. W. H. Rose came to Catskill last week, and the next day after his arrival, he went to work in the Mail office, which is the only office that publishes a daily paper in Catskill, N. Y.

Mr. Willie H. White is summing in Pontotoc with Mr. Oliver F. Bastion. Mr. White will go back to the Hartford School in September, and will leave there on June 26th, 1883.

Mrs. Franklin Campbell, of New York, will start for Albany, N. Y., on August 1st, where she will spend a month with friends. Three of her children will accompany her.

The brother of Mr. J. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., was married to Miss Sarah F. Lee, of Batavia, Ill., on June 28th. They received some nice presents from the mutes of Rockford.

A deaf-mute named Hagerty arrived in New York last week. He was pretty hard up, but through the kind assistance of Dr. Gallaudet, he obtained a good job in the lumber yards at 57th Street and 11th Avenue.

Mr. Ennis expects to go to Albany to attend services on the 30th inst, if nothing happens to him. Messrs. Thomas, Rose and Ennis, made some calls on the relatives and friends of Mr. Thomas in Hudson, N. Y., on Sunday last.

R. W. Gelder is working on a section of the C. & N. W. Railroad. He gets \$1.40 a day. He hears there are two other mutes working on the Iowa section, and would like to know who they are. Can any body tell him?

On July 15th, Mr. J. H. Winslow and daughter, Addie, of North Stockholm, N. Y., went to Ogdensburg. They stopped at Waddington, and saw Mr. Gardner Redmond, a deaf-mute. They also saw Mr. James Carruthers, a graduate of the New York School.

The *Weekly Globe*, of Mendon, Mich., has the following item in its issue of July 20:

"Charles Francis Poppendick, of Kalamazoo, and Mary Maria Murray, of Albion, both deaf and dumb, were married July 2, 1882, by Justice Wattles. 'Pen and ink' cut an important figure in the ceremony."

Charles H. Lewis, of the Lexington Avenue School, has been working on his father's farm since June 21st, and earns good wages. On July 1st, one of his schoolmates went to work on the same farm with him. Charles expects to go to Ocean Grove, N. J., with a large excursion from Jersey on the 9th of August, and will probably see Gen. Grant, Gov. Ludlow and President Arthur.

While in Waddington, N. Y., the middle of this month, Mr. J. H. Winslow of North Stockholm, N. Y., learned that on the night of the 18th, James McDonald, who works at the hotel as a stableman, went into the barn to clean off a horse and hung his lantern on a peg. The horse, by a sudden movement of its head, knocked the lantern down, breaking the glass. It fell among the hay, igniting it, and before the flames were put out, the barn, a brick dwelling and a store were burned down.

"A Subscriber" writes in relation to the ferry boat named "Fairwood," mentioned in "Grace H.'s" letter last week:—"According to our best knowledge and belief, it was James Fiske, who was shot some years ago by William Stokes, and who, in spite of all his badness, had a warm place in his heart for mutes, and was very popular with them. It is an old boat, of the Erie R. R. Co. We have often seen it, and it is a wonder none of the mutes noticed her in particular before. About a dozen years or so ago, while the pupils of 'Old Fairwood' were going, by water, to the American Institute Fair, the above boat saluted us, and then I learned from the teachers and officers of the School the above fact, if fact it is."

Struck by a Locomotive.

Albert Myer, a son of J. E. Myer, foreman of the bridge gang on the Lehigh & Susquehanna Railroad, aged 19 years, was struck by the locomotive attached to the pay car of the New Jersey Central Railroad, as it passed Lehigh Gap at 1:30 o'clock P. M., on Monday, July 17th, and badly injured. The young man is deaf and dumb, and was at the time of the accident walking on the track towards the locomotive, reading a letter. The engineer blew the whistle, but of course the unfortunate young man did not hear the signal. He was struck by the pilot and thrown on the other track. His injuries consist of his left leg being broken and severe bruises on the breast. It is thought his injuries will not prove fatal.

Troy Picnic.

The Fifth Annual Pic-nic of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society will take place on the first of August next—the weather permitting—at a splendid and pleasant grove, near Mrs. Winnie's house, in north Troy. The excursion on the stage "Oakwood" goes from Congress Street Bridge and the Union Depot, in Troy, to Winnie's grove at any time. The fare is only 10 cents. Deaf-Mutes are expected to be present, as all are invited. Should the weather prove unfavorable, the pic-nic will be postponed till the next morning. Go and enjoy yourself. Rev. Drs. Gallaudet, Clero, Revs. Syle, Turner, and Mann, and Mr. Hodgson and all others, are cordially invited to be present and enjoy themselves.

THE NEW ENGLAND PICNIC.

A Gala Day at Rocky Point.

WHO WERE THERE.

Wednesday, the appointed day for the picnic, opened with unfavorable signs of the weather, being, as the Almanac had it, "muggy," a term which described the weather exactly. Notwithstanding this, the mutes of Boston and vicinity assembled at the Providence depot to the number of fifty before eight o'clock, and took their way cheerfully to the cars, hoping that the dark, threatening clouds, would clear away, and the royal harbinger of day smile once more upon the land, a prediction that was happily verified long before the Jupiter's chariot was driven to the zenith. And then the spirits of the whole party rose, and they congratulated themselves upon having defied the elements to come upon such an occasion as might never happen to them again, that of the meeting the mutes of Worcester and Rhode Island at a picnic.

We learned upon our arrival in Providence that a delegation from Worcester, headed by the enterprising W. H. Green, had forestalled us as well as the mutes of Providence, and was waiting at Rocky Point to give us a welcome.

The sail down the famous Narragansett Bay was delightful enough in itself to repay the whole cost of the journey. The beautiful situation of the sloping shores dotted with cottages and villas gay in their coating of paint, and the romantic scenery, of the hills and meadows in their vast expanse of living green, were objects worthy of an artist's pencil, and furnished a source of delightful contemplation for the eye and soul within, to which the eyes were but windows. We passed many famous resorts on the way, and viewed from a distance the two forts, which were thrown up in the time of the Indian wars.

We were welcomed with open arms by the mutes of Worcester and Rhode Island, on our arrival at Rocky Point. The place indeed proved to be all that was claimed for it, abounding in natural scenery, possessing a cool breeze from the sea, a round tower from the top of which a very fine view of the surrounding country can be had, a theatre, a skating rink, and other attractions needless to mention. The merry picnicers dispersed themselves all over the grounds. Among a few curiosities of the place may be mentioned a deep cave, which must have served as the lair of wild beasts, or the hiding place of the aborigines, before the advent of the white men, a large perpendicular rock, the Hanging Rock, as it is called, which seems to be resting upon the slenderest of all obstacles, and which the slightest jar might send crashing down to the bottom of the hill, and finally a stuffed bear enclosed behind an iron railing, holding in his outstretched paws a dram-bottle. The history of this bear was intended to teach his human superiors a temperance lesson, he having been so indignantly fond of fire water that he died in delirium tremens.

The event of most interest to the sporting element was a game of base ball between two nines, composed of players from Massachusetts and Rhode Island, but styled, on account of their captains, the Boston and Providence Nines. I regret to say that the Boston Nine, so called, was ignominiously defeated.

Below is a list of the players and the score:

(Capt) Dolan, p	(Capt) Jellison, p
Wheeler, 2b	J. H. Donnelly, 1b
J. F. Donnelly, c	Brown, c
Lannon, 1b	F. Skille, 1b
Tranor, 3b	Wood, 3b
Magee, 1b	Young, cf
Miller, cf	Martin, cf
Babbitt, cf	Malone, ss
O'Connell, rf	Paul, rf
1 2 3 4 5 6	
"Providence" Nine, 10 3 0 0 3 1—17	
"Boston" Nine, 4 3 0 0 4 2—13	

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Mr. Green acted as umpire at the game, and kept his eye on the players with a view to the coming match in Norwich. He was highly elated at the prospect of a dinner, or a prize offered by Fred Walker's father to the victorious nine at the next convention.

A bird of gay plumage was there in all her glory, fluttering around one man, who monopolized her society. Her name was Abbie L. Chaffin, and the happy man who is soon to take her into his dove-cot in Cambridgeport was—ah, you know who.

Mr. Tillinghast was conspicuous by his absence.

Regrets were universally expressed at Prof. Weeks' non-appearance.

A certain human peacock, much in the habit of ruffling her feathers, was sadly missed from the gay throng. Several young men were heard to sigh for the shadow of her wing—i. e., her fan behind which she bills and coos.

J. F. Donnelly was "a chiel among ye takin notes" for the "Providence Star." A right clever "chief" in that line he is.

Fred Smith, the author of one of the scurrilous articles published in last week's issue concerning the New England Gallaudet Association, looked

so glum and down-hearted that we put on our "specs" to see if he was not the original of that donkey in the chromo, which stands with a woe-begone visage before the door of his barn in the snow storm, and cries out piteously, "Nobody cares for me." After a careful inspection, we thought ourselves mistaken, but anyhow, the resemblance was a strong one. He brayed pretty loudly in the last issue.

Mrs. Follette graced the occasion with her presence, and added not a little to the enjoyment of the picnic by her witty sallies. May she live to green old age to be the delight of all circles of deaf-mutes.

The two giants, big and little, were, as usual, objects of popular regard. W. H. Krause has been re-christened under the name of "Jumbo." How do you do, Jumbo?

Geo. A. Newhall would not miss a game of base ball for the world or woman either, and tramped half a mile on the wrong road to witness the match between the "Bostons and Providences."

The sedate Oscar Kinsman, of Providence, discreetly kept himself shady, like the dark horse which Mr. Tillinghast intends him for at the next convention. His wife was all smiles, as usual.

The famous young sportsman of the Navy Yard, who won as many fair hearts as he has prizes, was missed by more than one sighing damsel.

COLUMBUS.

THE WEATHER.

NOTES FROM AN EDITOR.

Forepaugh's Show, and Two Deaf-Mutes Killed.

The weather here—what a marked contrast from that of last year! From the cry of no rain, no rain, to the complaint of too much rain! The dread of the daily heat to the welcome cool days! The earth, how it looked then, dry, yellow and unattractive—but now, fresh, green and beautiful! Because of the copious showers that have visited us almost every day for the past two weeks; our gardener, Mr. Pier, has been driven in from his moorings at the lawn, and the grass was springing up at a 2:40 gait, retiring the lawn mower for the time being into uselessness, but the mighty Pier rose equal to the occasion. Recalling into requisition that ancient implement, the scythe, he sailed forth while the heavens smiled into pleasant days; and spreading himself out into a horizontal position—soon he made the surface resume its wonted even, smooth, and natural appearance.

Mr. T. J. Brown, the proprietor and editor of the *Miami Gazette*, a weekly paper published at Waynesville, O., was in the city recently with his estimable wife, and during their sojourn here were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. H. Stewart, on Franklin Avenue. We had the honor of an introduction to Mr. Brown, whom, after a brief conversation, we found to be a gentleman and a scholar, while Mrs. Brown (we are sorry to say we missed the pleasure of her acquaintance) is spoken of as a lady of superior culture, rare good judgment and very pleasing manners. Only Mr. Brown is deaf, having lost the sense of hearing when young. On their return home, the *Gazette* contained an account of their visit in Columbus to the various places of note, an extract of which touching this Institute, herewith furnished, will be read with more than ordinary interest, for a two-fold reason—an important item of news about Mr. Perry not heretofore given out, and the production of a deaf man whose education was obtained under great difficulties:

"Another point of supreme interest is the Deaf and Dumb Institute. It is a little world within itself, and deserves much more extended notice than can be devoted there all. Here, as well as indeed everywhere else, we were chiefly indebted for courtesies to Prof. J. D. H. Stewart, a teacher of long standing and of great experience. A large portion of the pupils there for many years have had the benefit of his training. He has had extensive acquaintance throughout the State, and numbers among his friends many leading citizens. Most of the pupils and teachers are absent at this time of year, and the building is undergoing some needed repairs. But there are enough there at all times to make it a point of interest. One of the teachers, Mr. Park, has been a teacher there for forty years, and as pupil and teacher, has been identified with the institute for fifty-two years. When he first came there, the Asylum that then existed was surrounded on all sides by cornfields, woods and frog ponds. Now it is built up for a long distance beyond with fine dwellings and public buildings. Mr. Park is certainly a veteran teacher. It would be inhuman to dismiss him, but he ought, if he preferred it, to be pensioned.

While at the circus in the afternoon, a laughable incident came under our notice. Without the rain was pouring down upon the canvas roof, and the water running in through where the seams met, threatened to drench those who unfortunately sat directly underneath. Up went the umbrella of our aesthetic foreman of *Vis-a-Vis*, and about the same time a chorus of voices behind him broke forth: "Down with the umbrella." "Down, umbrella!" "Down, down, the umbrella!" "Mr. Scott, who is a handsome, modest young bachelor, nevertheless withal susceptible to the smiles of the gentle sex, was intensely occupied in intently watching—perhaps studying the art—a cissing performance between a twin and his trainer. The cry of the iters behind against the umbrella obscuring their view had now reached an angry pitch, and a storm of angry pithets was brewing, when they were informed that the supposed obstinate umbrella man was a gentleman bereft of hearing and speech, and in no way tough, mulish customer, as their of blood seemed to take him to be. Suddenly, there was a calm, of the beehive kind, such that even if Forepaugh himself came over to quell the roar, he would be led to think there was a mistake somewhere.

Rumor was on the tapis that J. I. Porter, one of our boys' supervisors, had been tendered a position—probably that of teacher—by "the powers that be" of the Colorado Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. A close reconnaissance at the headquarters, reveals the fact that Mr. P. is wanting further information before he will accept the offer; if satisfactory in every respect mutually, he will start within a month.

A correction is in order in reference to the story of an alleged haunt to death of Mrs. Dakin by Miss Mulligan, or something to that effect, published in the item column of the *JOURNAL* a while ago. Mr. T. J. Brown, editor of the *Miami Gazette*,

"We were indebted, during this

visit to Columbus, to many persons for kindness and courtesies, but to none so much as to Mr. Stewart and his amiable wife. Long may they live to enjoy the happiness they deserve, and to contribute to that of others."

Matthew Hale Mullen, the valedictorian of the class of '82, has been lying under medical treatment at the hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, in this city, until recently, when he so far recovered so as to be up and accept the hospitality of his *alma mater* during his convalescence. While confined in the hospital, he found time for the exercise of some self-sacrificing benevolence, so he became a teacher of the manual alphabet and was just getting along splendidly, when, unfortunately, the watchful dame thought she saw the work going in a dangerous direction—to the hearts of the beautiful sisters—and she snuffed out his usefulness in short order by forbidding the Sisters of Mercy to go near him any more without her permission.

Poor Matt was afterwards found soliloquizing to himself sadly thus: "Only if I had been a little more thoughtful to include the old dame in the distribution, I would not be now taking up Theresa Schweigert's essay. 'It might have been.'"

The Cleveland, O., *Herald*, of July 20th, has the following item: "A deaf-mute was killed by the cars near Ringville station. He is supposed to be the one mentioned as missing from the Zoar Society." Ringville is situated in the northern part of Ash-tabula Co., O., on the Michigan Southern R. R. We wonder who he can be? The Columbus, O., *Journal*, of the 21st, prints the following: "A man, supposed to be Martin Ronsehnberger, deaf-mute, of Zoar, was killed at Canton the other day. Zoar is a place in Tuscarawas Co., lying near the line of Stark County, to which latter County Canton belongs. There is a Zoar station on the Cleveland and Marietta Railroad.

Forepaugh's great show, the advertisement of which for several weeks has paraded the columns here and there of the papers of the city, arrived in Columbus on Sunday last, the 16th inst., and by Monday morning, the tents all were up on the grounds, at the corner of Parsons and Oak Streets, about five minutes' walk from our Institute. The generous and kind-hearted Dutchman included in his advertisement, almost daily, a notice in which was extended an invitation of free admission into his show to the children and inmates of all the State, county and city charitable institutions of Columbus. Superintendent Perry regretted exceedingly that it came at a time of the year when the children were scattered all over the State, and unable to avail themselves of this very kind and thoughtful invitation. Mr. Forepaugh's show is admitted on all hands to be by far the greatest show yet come to this city, both for its size and contents and variety of performances and entertainments—throwing even Barnum and others, who had preceded him a few weeks before, into the shade. It also drew the biggest crowd that filled to completion the seating capacity, which in immensity surpassed any of its kind we have yet seen. Among our own fraternity, who attended this show in the afternoon, we noticed Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Park, with their grandchildren; Prof. Patterson, the editor, and Ed. J. Scott, foreman of *Vis-a-Vis*; R. H. Atwood and daughter, Mr. Pier and son, Cliffe Rose and sister, Mr. McGinness and the Leib brothers, of the city; Misses Rodman and Lacy Hall, Superintendent Perry and Chief-Supervisor Fleniken, and perhaps others, went there in the evening.

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who has become cognizant of the case, writes under date of June 28th, to Mr. J. D. H. Stewart, one of our teachers, upon the subject as follows: "I presume you saw that paragraph in the Cincinnati paper about Banks Dakin's wife having been haunted to death by Miss Mulligan's spirit. I am very sorry that was ever sent to the press. It is sensational, in keeping with many things sent from Waynesville by the Waynesville correspondent of the *Enquirer*. She died of consumption, was more troubled by Miss M. while living than after death. At the time of Miss Mulligan's death, Mrs. B. Dakin's condition was much talked of as a case of consumption."

It was a gala evening at the Russell Conservatory of our Institute on Friday evening last, it being the event of a night blooming cereus, which bloomed in full glory, and attracted quite a large concourse of visitors, who had, through the presses of the city, received a public invitation to see this rare, wonderful, unfolding beauty of nature. On this occasion we gathered two bits of news; one that Rev. Mr. Talbot had returned from the East, and the other that Prof. A. B. Greener will be back home August 1st. We add, independently of the occasion, that Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield left here for New York on Wednesday of last week, going by the way of Niagara Falls.

How potent the influence of your paper is when it raises its voice against the illegitimate use of "dummies" in its application to deaf-mutes by hearing journalists, may be gathered from the fact that within twenty-four hours after its arrival in this city, the *Sunday Herald*, of this city, (whether it is in any way related to the Washington *Sunday Herald*, referred to by Mr. Chas. Kerney in rebuking it, is immaterial) came out, evidently, with great caution when it wanted to use the abbreviated words D. and D., which we only know to mean Deaf and Dumb, in the following manner:—"Sixteen D. and D., which signifies, in Kings English, drunk and disorderly, was the exordium written up last night on the police blotter. NUMBER THREE.

The Sunny South.

NATCHEZ, MISS., July 17, '82.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—This is the first relaxation I have enjoyed since my last letter was mailed at Concord, Va., the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne.

I will now give you a few items of my flying journey. The first stoppage which I made after leaving that place was Charlotte, N. C., where a deaf-mute service was conducted in combination with the rector of Peter's Church, who takes so deep an interest in the spiritual condition of his silent neighbors. He always invited me to officiate for him every time I visit that city.

We next passed in sight of the birthplace of John C. Calhoun, at Fort Hill, S. C. The large elms surrounding it, looked as if they boasted of having witnessed his childhood and youth.

Allow me to say a word about him. While he was a student at Yale College, New Haven, Conn., President Dwight of the college predicted that he would one day become President of the United States, and his prophecy came very near being fulfilled, for he was made Vice-President.

On my way to Atlanta, Ga., I fell in with a gentleman who told me that he had a deaf and dumb grandmother, living not far from Augusta, Ga., one the prettiest cities in the South. I am very thankful that I have found many warm friends there.

Time would not permit me to stop at Atlanta, Ga., a fast growing city, which will, in a few years, become the greatest commercial and manufacturing city in the South. I would have visited a good number of deaf-mutes there as a minister, but for my New Orleans appointment.

I took advantage of my brief detention in Jackson, Miss., to call at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, as I have told you through a postal card.

I was next led by business to Oxford, Miss., where I found, awaiting my arrival, a good mail bringing me a number of letters and cards, each of which demanded a speedy reply.

I started for New Orleans the same day, to be punctual at my appointment.

I got off here very early last Friday morning, and my warm friends encouraged me by giving me a cordial reception. A young speaking lady of high rank called to see me, and presented me with a beautiful bouquet in which I noticed some very rare flowers.

Like everybody else who visits Natchez, I greatly admire the beauty of the Bluff City, and call it the prettiest city in the South West. I would prefer it to New Orleans for a residence. The scenery is picturesque, and the breeze cool at night.

There are two mutes in this city, one following the trade of a clerk in a clothing store, and the other, that of a shoemaker. The deaf-mute shoemaker has been sticking to the bench in this place for about seventeen years past. He is a graduate of the Ohio Institution.

While I am writing this, my eyes are being now caught by what they call an ancient Spanish graveyard over one hundred years ago. Natchez must have been an Indian wigwam then. The poor Indians who once inhabited it, are all gone.

I leave this afternoon for Tennessee, via New Orleans, to attend to my duty in several places.

Yours Sincerely,
JOHN TURNER.

FANWOOD.

VACATION LIFE AT THE INSTITUTION.

THE LAUNDRY.

A Few Personals of More or Less Interest.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

It is to be regretted that the pupils leave Fanwood during the two months when she never appears to better advantage, and when the surroundings are in the best possible condition to be appreciated. A change of air and scene is all very well and proper, but those pupils who congratulate themselves that they leave the hot, disagreeable old Institution for the cool, refreshing breezes of the mountain or sea-shore, make a great mistake. There is no cooler place in the country than Fanwood during July and August. Situated on the Heights, and between two rivers, there is a constant breeze passing over the place, even during the hottest days, which tempers the atmosphere and makes it perfectly delightful.

The pupils who remain, while being obliged to work a few hours each day, still do not consider it a hardship, and thoroughly appreciate their surroundings.

Numerous visitors, principally deaf-mute, visit the Institution almost daily. They bring the latest bits of city gossip, and return home laden with Institution "taffy."

A fine croquet set and ground is also instrumental in making the time pass pleasantly.

To sum up, vacation at Fanwood is by far preferable to sweltering in some farmer's so-called breezy house where the mosquitoes feast on your uncomfortable body and the flies play tag around your nasal appendage.

The large steam laundry connected with the Institution is not idle now-a-days. Entering the building a short time ago, we saw pile upon pile of bed-ticks, sheets, pillow-cases, towels and in fact nearly all the linen, etc., used by some 600 persons during the school term. Three "Nonpareil" steam washers, built by Oakley & Keating, of this city, were in active operation, and upon inspecting the linen which had been through these washers, we found it to be cleaned as thoroughly and with far greater speed than could be done by hand.

Besides these steam washers, there are a number of large tubs lined with zinc, with faucets by which hot and cold water can be turned on, for the finer linen, etc.

There is every facility afforded for boiling, rinsing and wringing, which can be found in any first-class city laundry.

Twelve female servants are constantly employed here. It generally requires three days to complete a week's washing, the remainder of the week being devoted to drying, ironing, etc.

A "Walworth" steam ironer has recently been introduced, which does away with considerable female labor. It is built on nearly the same principle as an ordinary clothes-wringer, and does excellent work. It requires two persons to work it properly. Fine ironing, such as shirts, collars, cuffs, etc., has to be finished by hand.

Nineteen mammoth dryers, under which are a number of steam pipes, heated from the boiler house, are of inestimable value for the successful carrying on of the work.

A seven-horse power engine in the building runs the machinery.

Forty pounds of soap, forty pounds of starch, four bottles of bluing and one-fourth of a barrel of washing-fluid, weekly, gives one an idea of the immense amount of work done here.

Everything is conducted on an admirable business system. Many of the girls have been here for years, and are skilled in particular branches of the work. The upper story of the building is used for sleeping apartments, the head landress having her room there, and who has the entire charge of the building.

Miss Augusta Borley called late on Wednesday afternoon last. She remained about an hour.

Two young lady relatives of Miss Cordelia Chidsey brightened the carpetless and pictureless rooms by their presence for a few days last week.

The paint brigade have commenced "slicking up."

Thomas F. Fox left the Institution for Rome, N. Y., Thursday afternoon last. He will spend the next two or three weeks camping out with his old friend and classmate, Prof. J. H. Eddy, of the Rome School. He will not return to New York until about the 4th of September.

Prof. Currier and wife started for Norwich, N. Y., Tuesday last. John Hagerty, of Bangor, Me., a graduate of the Hartford School, was here on the 20th. He was looking for employment as an iron worker.

Mr. James W. Currier, brother of Prof. E. H. Currier, who has been in Europe for several months past, arrived in New York on the 17th, looking considerably improved in health. He will not return to Europe.

Henry Benemann may be seen daily navigating the labyrinths of

Grand and Bleeker Streets with a pair of canoe shoes.

On July 18th, Messrs. Caton, W. Cotter, Reisinger, Rosenecker, Kohler, McDonald and Stratton, were seen smoking cigarettes and cracking jokes at Pier 36, North River.

While in the city last week, J. H. Caton invited J. Stratton and A. Rosenecker to make him a two weeks' visit at his home. We are informed young Stratton started Saturday last. Supervisor Sloat commenced his vacation on the 26th. He returns August 9th.

The paws of W. Durian, one of the JOURNAL comps, are assuming such mammoth proportions that he finds it extremely difficult to pick up a letter from a lower case "k" box.

Miss P. Lewis spent a couple of days visiting friends and mosquitoes in Jersey last week. She accompanied Prof. Currier and wife to Norwich on Tuesday.

Our esteemed Tarrytown night-watch, Mr. Schuman who is temporarily employed here, was startled by the sudden entrance of a bat into his room last week. Arming himself with a long pole, he chased it around the apartment, growing warmer and madder at the conclusion of each lap. At last, aiming a terrible blow at the bird, the pole came down with a crash on his water pitcher smashing it to smithereens, while the bat, slowly and majestically sailed out of the window with a look of unutterable scorn in its eyes.

Miss Cordelia Chidsey, one of our matrons, expects to commence her vacation July 31st.

From present indications, the New Jersey School will not be thrown open till September, 1883.

For stabs in the dark,
Under nouns-de-plume vain,
Your New England mute is peculiar,
Which the JOURNAL columns proclaim.

Prof. Mann has been heard from at last. He visited the school on the 22d, and said he had been sick for two weeks with cramps in the stomach. His physician told him that it was caused by too much brain work without a proportional amount of physical labor to balance it, and recommended working on a farm. Prof. Mann expects to commence work about August 1st, going from farm to farm, thus endeavoring to make a tour of the State.

Mr. Charles D. Edmonston, a typo on the Cornwall, N. Y., *Reflector*, inspected the JOURNAL office Saturday last. He was delighted with what he saw, and expressed regret that he had not commenced his apprenticeship while a pupil, owing to the superior facilities afforded here. However, he says he is getting along very well, and likes type-setting as a means of livelihood. He remained at the Institution until Monday noon.

With a rather seedy look and a very hungry air, Anthony Capelli turned up Saturday afternoon last. He says he is working in a printing office not far from the type foundry of Farmer, Little & Co. After enjoying three square meals at the Institution, he left Sunday afternoon, to starve until fall, or until he visits us again.

Mrs. Turner returned from her vacation Saturday. She came direct from Long Branch, where she has been stopping in one of the "elegant" cottages there for the past two weeks.

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald visited Miss Lewis last Sabbath. He was suffering from a sprained ankle. His two week's vacation commences August 14th. He will go to Saratoga, and also expects to attend the Norwich Convention. While Mr. F. was returning with the excursionists on the M. L. A. barge, and when opposite the Institution, a deaf-mute accosted him desiring to have a 50-cent piece changed. Always willing to oblige, he readily complied, and as it was rather dark, did not carefully scrutinize the money. The next day, what was his disgust to find it counterfeit. Mr. F. cannot remember who the mute was, but says if he ever crosses his path he'll stop the street with him.

Gideon Moore, brother of H. Humphrey Moore, the celebrated mute painter, passed an hour or so on the Institution lawn last Sabbath. Mr. Moore, like his brother, is a semi-mute, and is an analytical chemist of no mean pretensions.

Theodore Lounsbury was seen at Coney Island with a couple of young girls last week.

We were informed this week that George Farley, late editor of the "Lantern," and ex-assistant-foreman of the JOURNAL office, has been living in Harlem for some time past. He has often passed groups of deaf-mutes on the street, but without being recognized as he sports a long beard.

John Lloyd, Jr., again gobbled loaves and fishes at the Institution Sunday last.

The JOURNAL comps went over to Fort Lee on the 23d.

Mr. Brainerd expects to spend a portion of his vacation in Elmira, N. Y.

W. Durian won the swimming contest Saturday, with Jourdan second and Jamieson third.

Miss Mary Montgomery is performing the duties of Matron of the Cullinary Department.

One of the female servants is laid up with a broken arm.

A large paper balloon descended on the grounds the other day. It will be repaired and sent up again with "Fanwood" pasted in a conspicuous place.

Alex. Paeh says he is getting \$8 a week with board at Ocean Grove.

In the garden, weeds are three feet high in some places. The soul of Mr. Shotwell is filled with wrath.

A gentleman had his leg cut off by

a train on the Elevated, at the 155th Street station, Sunday last. A Fanwoodite witnessed the occurrence.

Nearly every conductor on the Elevated R. R. is familiar with the manual alphabet. Reason—a liberal scattering of alphabet cards by the pupils during the past year.

Why don't the pupils of Fanwood who are at home send more items concerning themselves to the JOURNAL? It would please their many friends.

A hearing urchin from the village passed the lawn the other evening, and fired some stones at the boys. One of the mutes hit him on the ear with a sour apple, and he ran off yelling like a dying duck in a thunder storm.

Messrs. Gross, Williams, Kitchens, Tyler and the Brede brothers, spent part of the Lord's Day with us.

Coney Island received a call from Mr. Howell on the 23d.

The prize pictures in the art gallery have been re-hung in a unique style. The straw tick matinee is about over.

A new fence is looming up in the place of the one burned down last week.

Dr. Peet did not go to Dunkirk on the 24th, as expected. Pressing duties prevented.

Swimming at the dock is all the rage among the boys at present.

J. Davis, finding the work of coachman for Dr. Peet too arduous for his delicate constitution, "formally resigned" last week.

It is reported that Miss C. B. Feller could not hold her place in the city. She had better return to school in the fall.

Messrs. J. N. Soper and William McClellan had a taste of Sunday at the School on the 24d. The latter is a graduate of the Institution, and although he has resided in this city and Jersey for the past ten years, chance has never brought him heretofore. He was undoubtedly the best cabinet-maker here during his pupilage, having a decided aptitude for the work.

GRACE H.

The N. E. Picnic at Rocky Point.

Home again. I left Providence this morning. Rocky Point and the dear deaf-mutes have been in my mind all day, and I have concluded to write for the JOURNAL, if you, Mr. Editor, will permit me. Yesterday was a glorious day for the mutes at Rocky Point. There was a large excursion from Boston, Worcester, Fall River, and other places; about eighty, I should think, were present. The weather looking so unfavorable in the morning, prevented many from joining the excursion. I was indeed pleased to see so many bright faces. They all made themselves at home at once by talking, joking and laughing, roaming about the beautiful grounds and upon the massive rocks. Some ventured into the cave, others were afraid to try, which made much fun for all. Some brought their lunch with them, and enjoying eating it by the sea breeze; others indulged in a clam dinner.

I could say much more, but wishing to say something about Rocky Point, and fearing to take up too much space in your JOURNAL, I will only add that I think the mutes enjoyed their visit to the famous resort very much.

Rocky Point is a beautiful place, situated on Narragansett Bay, 12 miles from Providence, and has certainly no equal in the beauty and grandeur of its natural scenery, and a place which the Rhode Islanders have a right to be proud of. It affords a delightful sail for those preferring to travel by water. The steamers are running there from Providence hourly. Rock Point was first opened in 1847, by Capt. Winslow. It was then a small place; later, it fell into the hands of Mr. Sprague, and thousands of dollars were spent in improvements, and it is now the most popular resort on the bay. It is owned at present by the Continental Steamboat Company. The Hotel has accommodation for 300 boarders; the dining hall, for shore dinners, will seat 1500 persons. The grounds are ample and the means of enjoyment many, comprising a bathing beach, a large dance hall, a summer theatre, an observatory, swings, flying horses, etc. Shore dinners are served every day during the summer. Am happy to say that it is a respectable place; no liquor is sold on the place, nor is it open Sundays.

Narragansett Bay is very beautiful, dotted on the surface with many little islands, covered with trees, cottages, and light houses. As we leave Rocky Point and approach the City of Providence, by a sweep of the eye, we see many soaring pinnacles of churches, the solid commanding towers of the Cathedral, the clock tower and steeple of Grace Church, the grand uplifting of the Narragansett Hotel, the solid front of the City Hall, the tall and tapering towers of the railway stations and a multitude of other structures, mingling with these their varied forms and colors, present a scene impressive, beautiful and picturesque. In population and commercial importance, Providence is the second city of New England. I hope the mutes enjoyed their trip and feel amply rewarded. I enjoyed it very much and think the day passed only too quickly. We owe Messrs. Kinsman and Donnelly a vote of thanks for first suggesting the excursion to Rocky Point.

MRS. FOLLETTE.

July 2-'82.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

An Enjoyable Time.

On Saturday evening last, scores of mutes could be seen winding their way in the direction of the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, of Brooklyn. Those who came by the way of Williamsburg ferries, created, by the graceful motions of their sign-language, considerable comment among the oral passengers as to what was up in the mute world.

The occasion was a birthday party given in honor of the natal day of Mrs. H. L. Juhring, by her loving spouse, who, in every sense of the word, deserves the appellation.

At 8 p. m., there were present about thirty persons, representing the cream of the *beau monde* of deaf-mute society of this vicinity. Conversation of a lively kind was indulged in until the announcement of one of those exciting games well-known at parties of our class. This, for a better cognomen, is called "the handkerchief flirt," and created much fun by the lively manner it caused all to move about. Another incident which, while raising much laughter, conveys an impressive lesson not only to those who may in a short time enter that state which "causes two hearts to beat as one," but also to those who are older and have enjoyed the trials and triumphs of wedded life for years past. It seems that the ice cream which had been ordered, was a little late, but when it arrived, Mrs. Juhring was very busy getting supper. Her ever dutiful better-half, seeing how things stood, left the parlor, and donning an enormous apron, which gave him the appearance of an attendant on a corner apple-stand, proceeded to make himself useful; but a couple of mischievous individuals whose delight is to joke at another's expense, sniffing the fun in the air, seized him and escorted him and his apron to the parlor. Shouts of laughter greeted his appearance, but he, taking things in a matter-of-fact way, delivered a speech on "I'm daddy, and the occasion which all had assembled to celebrate." Never be ashamed to help your wife.

At half-past ten, a fine supper was served, consisting of most of the delicacies of the season, to which ample justice was done, and then amusements of various kinds were continued until just before twelve o'clock, when the band struck up "Home, sweet Home. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home." This ended an affair, which will doubtless be remembered for a long time by those who were fortunate enough to be participants. Although Mrs. Juhring did not receive many presents, one being given her by Miss Emma Reed, and a few from her husband, owing to her extreme modesty in keeping the occasion of the gathering a secret until the last moment, she did receive the hearty congratulations of all her friends.

WHO WERE THERE.

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Weinberger were present; also "the pride of Harlem," ex-elderman James Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pownall seemed immensely pleased, and added considerably to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Sam W. McClelland and a handsome young lady were seen. The former made his presence felt by the vigorous way in which he went about drumming up votes for himself for the presidency of the Twilight Union.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their lovely daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Swartz, enjoyed themselves in a quiet way.

Mr. Phil. Tobin and the charming and delightful Mrs. Hattie Bailey, who never interfere in matters which does not concern herself, had an elegant time chaperoning Miss Rachel Gantz, who is said to be the handsomest mute lady in this State.

On this occasion Miss Clara Brady displayed a ring given her by a young man, whose connection with mute affairs in New England is just now giving him considerable fame; and to whom she hinted she was engaged. Both New York and Brooklyn congratulate the fortunate individual upon winning such a prize.

Ike Soper was seen paying close attention to a charming young lady. He leaves for his old home the latter part of August, and before returning, will doubtless "do" the Norwich Convention.

As usual, Miss Emily Ludwig and the Misses Taylor did not lack entertainment; neither did Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim, Henry Stengele, Mrs. Lounsbury and others who were present.

NOTES.

At the party there was considerable talk about getting up a "nine" composed of members of the Twilight Union to go to the Norwich Convention, and teach the Yankies a few tricks at ball playing. Although nothing for a certainty was decided upon, the following members will doubtless attend, Reynolds, Wilkinson, McClelland, Stengele, Waters, Soper, Tobin, Juhring and Weinberger. If all others from this vicinity, who have signified their intention of going to the Convention, actually do so, there will be lively times on the pier of the Norwich Line on Saturday evening, August 26th, and lots of "fun on the Sound."

SOLOMON B. SANDS.
NEW YORK, July 17, 1882.

The Sunshine and the Show-er.

Two children stood at their father's gate,
Two girls with golden hair;
And their eyes were bright, and their voices
glad.
Because the moon was fair.
For they said, "We'll take that long, long walk
To the hawthorn copse to-day,
And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
From off the scented May,
For oh! we'll be so happy then,
'Twill be sorrow to come away."

As the children spoke, a little cloud
Passed slowly across the sky;
And one looked up in her sister's face
With a tear-drop in her eye;
But the other said, "Oh, heed it not;
'Tis far too fair to rain;
'Tis little clouds may search the sky
For other clouds in vain."
And soon the children's voices rose
In merriment again.

But ere the morning hours had waned
The sky had changed its hue,
And that one cloud had chased away
The whole great heaven of blue,
The rain fell down in heavy drops
And winds be an to blow,
And the children in their nice warm room
Went fretting to and fro;
For they said, "When we have sought in store
It always happens so!"

Now these two fair-haired sisters
Had a brother out at sea,
A little midshipman aboard
The gallant "Victory";
And on that same morning
When they stood beside the gate,
His ship was wrecked, and on a raft
He stood all desolate;
With the other sailors round him
Prepared to meet their fate.

Beyond they saw the cool green land—
The land with her waving trees,
And her little brooks that rise and fall
Like buttercups in the breeze;
But above them the burning, noontide sun
With searching stillness shone;
Their throats were parched with bitter thirst,
And they knelt down one by one,
And prayed to God for a drop of rain
And a gale to waft them on.

And then that little cloud was sent,
That shower in mercy given,
And as a bird before the breeze,
Their bark was landward driven.
And some few mornings after,
When the children meet once more,
And their brother told the story,
They knew it was the hour
When they had wished for a sunshine
And God had sent the shower.

AUNT ELISIE'S STORY.

READING FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"It always rains when I don't want it to!" began little Prudy in a doleful tone of voice, casting unhappy glances out of the window to where the croquet ground was being plentifully sprinkled with rain drops; "and just after we get home from school, too, Polly, won't you think of something nice for us to do?"

"Oh, Prudy dear! go and play with your paper dolls while I am learning my verse for to-morrow."

"What is it going to be about, and won't you say it over, out loud, just once?" urged her restless little sister.

So good-natured Polly stood up on a chair, and made a low bow to Prudy and Charley, who sat in the front seats with Jill, the kitten, and Charley's little dog Frisky, and a row of dolls behind them.

"When the weather is wet
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm
We must not storm,
But be thankful together
Whatever the weather."

recited Polly, with much emphasis and sundry peeps into the book.

"Say it over again!" cried the children, clapping their hands and stamping their feet; while Frisky pricked up his ears, and Jill went to sleep, and Rosabelinda fell down from Prudy's high chair and chipped off the tip of her china nose.

"Tell us about 'The Two Little Shoemakers,' and 'The Little Red Hen,' and then 'Three Little Pigs,'" called out Prudy, seeing that Polly was about to jump down.

But Polly refused, saying she must study her lessons for the next day.

"You know Papa promised me a new doll's carriage if I had a good report when school closed; and I'll lend it to you sometimes," she added, seeing that Prudy meant to have a good cry.

So fat little Prudy gathered up the sleeping Jill and the wounded Rosabelinda in her checked apron, and trotted up stairs with them. Mamma was out making calls with the children's pretty Aunt Elsie, and Aunt Louise, in the nursery, was trying to trim a new bonnet.

"Why, it has stopped raining!" said Prudy, running to the window, and dropping Jill by the way. "Will there be a rainbow, Aunt Lou?"

"Perhaps so, if you watch for it long enough."

So Prudy dragged forth poor Rosabelinda and set her up on the window sill, and for the space of seven minutes was perfectly still.

"Tell me a story," then interrupted Aunt Lou's contemplation of her work.

"No, I won't! Can't you see the rainbow right over there among the clouds?"

"It isn't a rainbow; it's the sun coming out," indignantly answered the child. Aunt Elsie tells me stories, and she is nicer than you."

Her young aunt laughed gaily.

"She remembers them better than I can. Here is a piece of silk for Belinda; don't you want to make her something new?"

When Elsie returned, she gathered the children around her on the pretty, rose-shaded piazza, and told their favorite story; for, though a semi-mute, the little ones could understand her very well. We hope our readers will be equally kind to their dear little friends, who cannot read or understand it for themselves.

NUTCRACKER AND SUGARDOLLY.

When they had nearly reached the town, they stopped in great surprise to look at a beautiful palace which lay glittering in the sun. It seemed to have been built by magic, for they had gone over the same road a few days before and had seen nothing there.

They tried to open the entrance gate to go in and enquire about it, but found it securely locked.

"How yellow the sand is on the walk," said the woman, putting her hand in between the railings to examine it.

"It is gold dust, Timothy!" screamed the poor woman, looking at what she held in her hand.

They hastily filled their handkerchiefs with it, and proceeded on their way to market. On their return, they saw the palace still in the same place, and both sat down to rest. On each side of the gate, there was a wonderful tree. The trunk of one was made of white rock candy, while the branches and leaves were of white sugar. One or two bird's nests nestled among the branches, and in them were pretty silver speckled-eggs. The other tree had golden nuts hanging amid the green leaves.

"Martha, I must have one of those nuts—it would make my fortune," and he got up and stretched up his hands to reach the fruit.

All at once, something strange happened. Hundreds of birds came flying from over the garden and sang in chorus: "Don't do it! Don't do it! Don't do it!"

In great surprise and terror, the man stepped back, and away flew the birds.

As they did not return, the woman urged him to pick the nut and go quickly home with it, at the same time reaching up and seizing one of the eggs from a nest in the sugar tree.

Again came the birds, and again their warning cry was repeated; but as if deaf to the sounds, the woman kept the egg carefully in her hands and started home with it, while Timothy tore off one of the precious golden nuts and followed her.

When they arrived at their humble little cottage and untied their handkerchiefs, they found nothing in them but common sand.

"What shall I do with the egg?" said Martha, looking around.

"Set it under the white hen," proposed the old man; so it was done.

The next morning, as she was busy in the kitchen, she heard a loud cackling from the white hen, and hurrying out, saw the egg crack and a lovely, golden head peep out; then, instead of a wee little bird or a dainty little chicken, a dainty little maiden stepped out and brushed away the egg shells.

She was clad in a light blue velvet dress, and tiny silver bells and bugles tinkled every time she moved. Long, golden hair, reaching nearly to her feet, and the darkest of blue eyes, made her a charming picture to see. She tripped into the sitting room after Martha, who was in haste to tell Timothy about her. As they came in, he jumped up in great astonishment at seeing the lovely little maiden, and the golden nut, disturbed by the jar, rolled off from the table and cracked open on the floor. A gay little gentleman skipped out from the broken nutshells and coolly made a pretty bow to the company. Old Martha sat down in a chair to catch her breath, for she was sorely perplexed.

"Timothy, what shall we do with these queer little people? Let us take them back to the new palace on the road to market."

"Nonsense," says he, thoughtfully smoking his pipe, for like most ignorant forest people he stood in awe of the "fairie folk," and now believed that the great Fairy Queen had sent them these, and that to take them back would surely be to bring upon them ill luck. "Isn't breakfast most ready?"

So Martha hurried about her work, and they were soon seated around the small table.

But here came a difficulty—the little strangers would eat nothing. Suddenly, the little fellow saw a bag of nuts standing in one corner of the room, and running to it began eating them in high glee, cracking them very fast at the same time.

While they were looking at him, the little maiden plunged her hands way down into the sugar bowl and ate the sugar with great delight.

"Well, well!" said the astonished Timothy, "we will call him 'Nut-cracker' after this."

"And I will call the child 'Sugardolly,'" said his wife, "for she loves sugar, and is no bigger than a doll."

And they went by these names ever after.

They played together all the time, but when summoned to the table would eat nothing but nuts and sugar.

In a few days, the old couple again went to market, looking the little people safely within the small cottage.

As soon as they were out of sight, Nutcracker began to hunt around for nuts. At last he espied a bushel basket full of them way up on top of a high cupboard, and, climbing up, sat down on the basket in triumph.

"Oh, Nutcracker, come down," come down!" cried little Sugardolly from below, but he only threw the nutshells down on her head for an answer.

At last, she began to feel very hungry herself, and after eating up the small cupful of sugar which had been left for her, tried to find more.

"Nutcracker, I see some flowers in the garden; won't you get some for me?"

"So Nutcracker, who loved Sugardolly so much that he would have done anything to please her, got down and tried to get out of the house. But every door and window was fastened, and so he took out the little sword from his belt and slashed away at a window until there was a hole large enough for him to crawl through. Out in the neat little garden he cut down the flowers and brought them in armfuls to Sugardolly, who sucked the sweet sap from them joyfully.

When the old people returned, they were very angry at the mischief Nutcracker had done, for they were very poor, worthy people.

Timothy built a high fence around the garden to keep Nutcracker out, and Sugardolly had no more flowers for a long time. At length, one market day, the white hen heard her wishing for some, and flying over the fence, brought her some branches of honeysuckle.

"So you can fly," said Nutcracker. "I will get on your back and you can take me over to the woods yonder, where there must be plenty of nuts."

"Well," clucked the hen, "I will try."

So Nutcracker kissed dear little Sugardolly goodbye, and promised to come back for her after he had found a nice place for them to live, and climbing up on the white hen, away they went over the garden and far away.

Sugardolly stood and watched them as long as they were in sight, and then sank down and cried as if her heart would break. Just before dark, the white hen came flying back, and Sugardolly ran and asked her about Nutcracker.

"I set him down at the foot of a tree in the great woods, and he climbed up to get some nuts," and that was all the white hen could tell her.

She waited day after day for Nutcracker to return, but he never came. At last, one day, the white hen came to her as she was sobbing on the doorstep, and says she:

"Little Miss Sugardolly, I will carry you to Nutcracker if you want to go."

Then Sugardolly dried her tears and climbed on her back, clasped her hands around her neck, and she flew away in the direction of the woods. When she set her down, she ran to the foot of a tree, and called: "Nutcracker, Nutcracker!" as loud as she could, and the white hen cackled loudly; but no answer came.

After a while, the white hen said she must fly home again, but Sugardolly was not afraid to be left alone, for she was sure of finding Nutcracker before long. So homeward flew the good white hen.

Sugardolly went on through the woods, calling Nutcracker at every step. She asked the bees and butterflies and the flowers if they knew where he was, and some of them said he had gone by there the day before. At last she came to a little brook.

"Have you seen Nutcracker," asked Sugardolly, with a trembling heart.

"Why, yes!" sang out the brook, cheerily, "follow my course till you come to the high mountain, and then you will surely find him."

So Sugardolly thanked the brook, and gladly walked along its brink.

She was very tired, and it was almost dark before she came to the mountain, expecting to see Nutcracker standing there. But no one was around, and with a loud cry of "Nutcracker! Nutcracker!" she sank on the ground and cried herself to sleep.

For hours she lay there sleeping, a wondrous sight to see. When Nutcracker, a watch keeping, beheld her from a tree.

Before he could get down to her, however, a stream of little people came out of a grotto, and seeing Sugardolly there carried her off to their home.

When she opened her eyes, she found herself in a cavern under the mountain, among a tribe of fairies.

"Will you be our Queen, beautiful Sugardolly?" they begged on bended knees.

And as Sugardolly had failed in finding Nutcracker, she thought she might as well stay with these little kinsfolk.

They crowned her with a royal little diadem sparkling with jewels, and placed a sceptre in her hand, vowing eternal obedience to her commands.

Time went by, and Sugardolly was happy, though she did not forget to look for her beloved Nutcracker whenever she was out in the woods. Every morning before sunrise, she rang a bell and all the little people came trooping in from every direction, having been out all the night searching the earth for jewels and precious metals. One morning, she missed one of the little workers after they had all assembled around her throne. Before she had ceased enquiring for him, he arrived, panting after a long run, and related how he had been lost in a large garden where they were having a party, and many people were walking around or sitting under the trees; and he had only escaped alive through the kindness of a little girl who lived in the great house.

Then Sugardolly said she must go and see the little girl who had saved one of her subjects, and one dark night they set out, for the fairies never go out in the daytime, you know.

They carried the Queen in a palanquin, and all the tribe followed, with each a precious stone to reward the good little girl.

When they reached the house, it stood black and gloomy among the trees. It was all shut up, and not a light was to be seen anywhere. At last, they got in through a broken

window, and went on tip-toe up to the room where the little girl was sleeping in her crib. They gathered around it, and Sugardolly bent close to the child to kiss her softly.

"We will leave the jewels on the bed and noiselessly go away," ordered the little Queen, but even as she spoke, the child whispered in her dreams the name of Nutcracker, and, seizing tight hold of Sugardolly, went fast asleep again.

"Has Nutcracker been here, I wonder?" said Sugardolly, in surprise, struggling to get away, for the fairies dared not stay any longer.

In a far off corner of the room somebody woke up, and seeing Sugardolly in the midst of the fairy tribe, rushed in among them with drawn sword and drove them all out of the house.

"Oh, Nutcracker, is it really you?" sobbed Sugardolly, when he came back. And then they sat down together, and he told her how it was that he had been away from her so long. When the white hen had set him down in the woods, he climbed up into a tree, and found so many nuts that he forgot all about the waiting hen below. When he came down, the white hen had gone home without any message for Sugardolly.

He lived in the woods until fall, when he found squirrels laying in their store of nuts for the winter. The nuts looked so nice that Nutcracker fought with the squirrels to get possession of them. In one of their battles, he killed a squirrel, and made himself a little coat out of its fur. One day there came a hunter who captured Nutcracker, and thinking that he must be a dwarf of the woods, took him home as a plaything for his two little children. Here Nutcracker had lived a short time, and was contented because he had plenty of nuts to eat.

In the wall of the children's nursery was a curious hole, leading by a very small passage farther and farther away. Nutcracker cold Sugardolly it was just large enough for them, and they would go through and see where it led to. They walked on and on, until they came to an opening at the other end, and found themselves at the entrance of a beautiful palace. On each side of the great gate, there was a wonderful tree. One was made entirely of sugar, the other loaded with nuts.

"Come away now, Sugardolly," but she wanted a piece of the sugar-tree first, and so he climbed up to get some for her.

Then a strange thing happened. Hundreds of birds came flying from over the garden, and cried, "Don't do it! Don't do it! Don't do it!"

Sugardolly screamed, but Nutcracker told the birds to go away in a very loud voice, and breaking off a branch of the sugar tree, and filling his pockets with nuts, turned to go back through the hole in the wall. But there was now no hole to be seen, and while they were seeking for it, the great gate opened, and a terrible looking witch came out.

"Nutcracker, the birds warned you, you heeded them not; forever shall thou crack nuts!"

Tonching him with a wand, he was turned into a mechanical toy which turned out crushed nuts like a machine.

"Sugardolly you are too fond of having just what you want, though it is not good for you," and with a wave of her magic wand, poor, sweet little Sugardolly was turned into a real sugar doll.

When the children in the great house woke up the next morning they missed Nutcracker, and looked for him for days after, even calling his name through the hole in the wall.

When Christmas came, their fairy godmother came through the long passageway, and brought to the girl a lovely sugar doll, and to the boy a wooden mechanical nut-cracker.

Origin of the Names of Fabrics.

Many kinds of dry goods possessers old English names, which are used, more or less corrupted, throughout the world. The origin of these old names are given by Sir George Birdwood as follows:

Damask, is from the city of Damascus; satin from Zaytown, in China; calico from Calcutta and muslin from Mosul.

Buchram derived its name from Bochara; fustian comes from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffeta and tabby from a street in Bagdad. Cambric is from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize from Bajaz, dimitry from Damietta and jeans from Jean. Drugget is derived from a city in Ireland—Drogheda. Duck, from which Tucker street, in Bristol, is named, comes from Torque, in Normandy.

Diaper is not from D'Ypres, but from the Greek diaspron—figured. Velvet is from the Italian velluto—wooly (Latin, vellus—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit sala—floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing. Clintz comes from the Hindoo word chett. Delaine is the French of wool.

The fashionable shade this summer is the shady side of the street.

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse trap than his neighbors, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his own door.

More Autography.

"Tis all I would, is to be brief;
'Tis all I could, upon this leaf."

"This is thine album; may it be
A source of happiness to thee,
And may each page that's written o'er
Be better than the one before."

"Go forth little volume
Like Noah's faithful dove,
And bring to darling Aimee,
An olive leaf of love."

"The years have linings, just as goblets do;
The old year is the lining of the new.
Filled with the wine of precious memories,
The golden was, doth line the silver is."

"As sure as comes your wedding day,
A broom to you I'll send;
In sunshine, use the brushy part,
In storm, the other end."

"Some people can be very funny;
I never could be so,
So I'll just inscribe my name;
It is the funniest thing I know."

"May your cheeks retain their dimples,
May your heart be just and gay,
And may some many voice shall whisper,
'Dearest Rosebud, make the day.'"

"My album is open, 'Come and see,
What! won't you waste a line on me?
Write but a thought, a word or two,
That memory may revert to you."

"I dip my pen into the ink
And grasp your album tight,
But for my life, I can not think
One single word to write."

"In the storms of life,
When you need an umbrella,
May you have to uphold it
A handsome young fellow."

O, don't forget the fun
We had one Saturday,
When you and I had such a run
To see who'd win croquet."

"For friendship's sake, I write a line,
And sign myself a friend of thine."

"May you remain through life the same,
Unchanged in all, except in name."

"In the heart that is warm and steadfast,
Keep a loving thought for me,
And be sure that I shall remember
The friend that I can not see."

"Like two pieces of driftwood, we went on life's
sea;
We met and we parted for all eternity."

"May your path through life
Be as free from thorns
As the head of a 'chicken'
Is free from horns."

"May your friends be many,
Your enemies few,
And among 'friends,' one Knight,
Grand, handsome and true."

"Like autumn blossoms, later joys
Around our path may lie,
But cannot bring me back again
The happy hours gone by."

"I wish for you happiness, love and content;
A life full of sunshine and mirth,
And friends that are true as devotion itself
And the happiest home on the earth."

"Man trusts in God, He is eternal.
Woman trusts in man, and he is shifting sand."

"Friend! I call you, but how shallow
Sounds the name for one like you,
I have met and known and loved you
As I've known and met but few,
So I ask you, dearest little,
When in course of years we part,
That we truly bind with memory's
Golden love-links—heart to heart."

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize its flower, its bloom is shed."

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short and
One little hour, and then away they sped,
On lonely paths through mists and clouds and foam
To meet again no more."

"An old man's fancy wanders ere he die;
A young man's will be wiser by and by."

"May happiness await thee, where'er thy feet
may rove,
And every sky seem beaming, a beauteous light
of love,
May fairest breezes waft thee, the sweetest
breath of flowers,
And brightest buds of fancy gleam mid thought's
rosy bowers."

"To no one thy secrets show,
For when thy friend becomes thy foe,
Then all the world thy secrets know."

"Spring of life is round thee flying
Promise buds, of future bliss;
May the summer sunshine ripen
These to perfect happiness."

"As down life's mystic stream you glide,
May sunshine round your path be given,
Till wafted by its ebbling tide,
You gain the blissful port of heaven."

"They have sunshine, they have flowers,
Who look back on well-spent hours."

"Path of duty, is the pathway
Where true happiness is found;
Tread it with a constant purpose,
And your pleasures shall abound."

"He that getteth himself honey, though a clown,
he shall have flies;
In the end God grides the miller, in the dark
the mole has eyes."

"Life's a school and we the students,
Ruled by time, perforce must learn
Many a hard and bitter lesson
Written out in words that burn."

Respectfully quoted and dedicated to the
myriad JOURNAL readers, with lots and lots of
love.

Their friend always,
TOSY DE MENSKI.

Utopia, July 15.

Lawful Pursuits and Pleasures.

In regard to the lawfulness of certain pursuits, pleasures and amusements, it is impossible to lay down any fixed and general rule; but we may confidently say that whatever is found to unfit you for religious duties or to interfere with the performance of them; whatever dissipates your mind, or cools the fervor of your devotions; whatever indisposes you to read your Bible, or to engage in prayer; whatever the thought of a bleeding Savior or a holy God, of the hour of death or the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on your enjoyment; the pleasures which you can not thank God for, on which you can not ask his blessing; whose recollections will haunt a dying bed, and plant sharp thorns in its uneasy pillow—these are not for you. These are the pleasures which are not conformed to the world, but transformed by the renewing of your mind. Never go where you can not ask God to go with you; never be found where you would not like death to find you; never indulge in any pleasure which will not bear the morning's reflection

—[Dr. Guthrie.

A fowl in the hen coop is worth two in the base-ball field.

Facts For The Curious.

In Java an inferior must walk with his hands on his heels till his superior is out of sight.

The first elephant ever seen in England was given to the king by the king of France in 1255, but only lived to be twelve years old.

Two thousand human beings and over 50,000 head of cattle are annually killed by snake bites in India.

The variations in the rainfall of India involves the food supply, and is a question of famine or plenty.

Chinese dentists attribute tooth-ache to the gnawing of worms, and profess to extract the same from decayed teeth.

According to the estimates of a French statistician the total length of all the telegraph wires at present laid, is sufficient to reach forty-six times around the world.

The domes of the great churches in Moscow and St. Petersburg are plated with gold nearly a quarter of an inch thick. The dome of the Isaac Cathedral in St. Petersburg represents a value of \$45,000,000 and that of the Church of the Saviour in Moscow, \$15,000,000.

The diadem originated in a ribbon, or fillet, woven of silk thread or wool. It was tied round the temples and forehead, the two ends being knotted behind and let fall on the neck. It was usually white and quite plain, though sometimes embroidered with gold and set with pearls and precious stones. According to Pliny, it was invented by Bacchus. Athenaeus assures us that topers first made use of it to protect themselves from the fumes of wine, by tying it tightly round their heads, that it long afterwards came to be a royal ornament.

During the Thirty Year war in Germany, the little village of Coserow in the island of Usedom, on the Prussian border of the Baltic, was sacked by the contending armies, the villagers escaping to the hills to save their lives. Among them was a simple pastor named Schwerdler, and his pretty daughter. When the danger was over, the villagers found themselves without houses, money or food. One day, we are told, Mary went up Strekelberg to gather black-berries; but she soon ran back joyous and breathless to her father, with two shining pieces of amber each of very great size. She told her father that near the shore the wind had blown away the sand from a vein of amber; that she straightway broke off these pieces with a stick; that there was an ample store of the precious substance; that she had covered it over to conceal her secret. The amber brought money, food, clothing and comfort; but those were superstitious times and a legend goes that poor Mary was burned for witchcraft. At the village of Stumen, amber was first accidentally found by a rustic who was fortunate enough to turn some up with his plow.

Domestic Recipes.

ICEING.—Mrs. C. E. Boswell thus describes her manner of preparing icing for cake: Whites of three eggs well frothed, one pound of sugar (ice-land sugar is the best); wet with water and boil until almost candy.

While boiling, pour it over whites. I sometimes use a little tartaric acid when I wish it to dry quickly.

MUFFINS.—Two eggs, one pint of flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon milk, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and a little salt. Mix the flour, baking powder and salt together. In another dish beat the yolks of the eggs; add the milk and butter, then the flour, then the beaten whites. Beat well together, and bake in gem irons in a hot oven.

BAKED BEANS.—Pick, wash and put to soak over night a quart of small white beans. In the morning put one-half into baking dish, and wash well. Score into small squares rind of one lb. of pickle pork. Lay it in the center of the beans, pour the other half around it, and pour boiling hot water enough to cover the beans. Bake slowly several hours. Brown nicely.

PUDDING SAUCE.—A nice liquid sauce may be made in this way: One cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir the butter and the sugar together, and pour upon it about a pint of boiling water; thicken it with flour, and let it simmer until the flour is cooked, and flavor with lemon or with the vinegar from sweet pickles, peach or cherry preferable.

STEAMED CORN BREAD.—Two cups Indian meal, 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoonful white sugar, 2½ cup of sour milk, teaspoonful each of soda and salt, large tablespoonful of lard, melted. Beat hard and well, put in a buttered mould, cover tightly and steam ¾ hour. Then set in the oven ten minutes. Eat while hot. This will do for a plain dessert, eaten with pudding sauce.

MUTTON OR LAMB STEW.—Cut some slices of rare lamb; put them in a frying pan with enough gravy or broth to cover them. Or, if not these, then make a gravy of hot water, or butter or catsup. Boil up, and stir in pepper, salt, and a large spoonful of current jelly. Send to table in a hot dish, with the gravy poured on.

—Ensilage is nothing new, as far as preservation is concerned. It is simply keeping green food through the winter by exclusion of the air. It is on the same principle as canning, only on a larger scale.

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For every NEW SUBSCRIBER we offer a commission of 25 cents. Send us \$1.25 and keep the 25 cents. Do not wait until you get several subscriptions, but send the money at once. Write the name and address very plainly.

Besides this liberal commission, we give \$30 in prizes to the subscribers who send the largest list of NEW SUBSCRIBERS before October 2, 1882, as follows:

For the 1st largest list	\$15.00
" " 2d "	10.00
" " 3d "	5.00

Those wishing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION." Cash must accompany the names. The names must be names of new subscribers. Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count. Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as new.

No letter mailed after September 30th, 1882, will be counted.

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